To urge the thing held as a ceremony:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile die for't, but ſome woman had the Ring.

Baſſ. No by my honour Madam, by my ſoule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And ſuffered him to go diſpleaſd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmere it: pardon me good Lady,
For by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come nere my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
Ile have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well adviſd,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the young Clarks Pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.

Por. Marke

Por. Marke you but that;
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe:
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſſ. Nay, but heare me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands Ring,
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound againe,
My ſoule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: give him this,
And bid him keep it better then the other.

Anth. Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſweare to keep this Rin

Baſſ. By heaven it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me *Baſſanio*,
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.

Grat. Why, this is like the mending of highwayes
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speake not ſo groſly, you are all amaz'd;
Here is a Letter, reade it at your leaſure,
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* here
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoone as you,
And even but now returnd: I have not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in ſtore for you,
Then you expect: unſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall find three of your Argoſies,
Are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this Letter.